

# Rising Air

Joan Shelley

It's drawn me out here the sight of my charge by the movement  
scratching the ground to make home where it carves, what a poor thing  
half light and gray light a beat on the wind and its all alright

cold, but you're all alright

onto the rising air

onto the rising air

come to my side and beg me for my reasons

Right past the line where it was safe to be

where I found you

Letting you down by the break in the trees

I am bound to

forgive this, Love, as it breaks at the seams

watch it rise to flight

watch it rise to flight

onto the rising air

onto the rising air

onto the rising air and we both fly

onto the rising air

onto the rising air

come to my side and beg me for my reasons

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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